

given a new spring to our feelings and exertions. To be again refreshed with Christian society and congenial souls, restores us in a manner to our native land, and former enjoyments. We do indeed feel that if we were under a Christian government, our prospects would be bright as day, and our happiness as great as could be enjoyed in this sinful world. We rejoice in the arrival of our dear friends. We rejoice in their interesting appearance, their propriety and delicacy of conduct, their correct way of thinking, their fervent piety, and their right views of missionary employment. We pray, and trust we shall be mutual blessings to each other, and that the Lord will now send prosperity.

As Mr. Judson will write more particularly respecting the mission to Dr. Baldwin, I will turn your attention to another subject. Perhaps some account of the Burman religion, and their manner of worship, would not be uninteresting.

The Burmans have four days in the month which they consider particularly sacred. They are the change, the quarters, and the full of the moon. On these days their religion requires them to lay aside in part their secular employments, to listen to the instructions left by Gaudama; and eat but once. There are very few, however, who are strict in complying with these requirements, though they generally go in crowds to worship at some pagoda.

It is already known by the Christian world that the Burmans are atheists. They have no idea of an eternally existing Being, whose nature is entirely different from that of creatures. Their Boohs or transitory deities they consider as possessing all the powers and passions of human beings, but on conquering and subduing them, they arrive at a state of perfection, which, agreeably to the course of things, makes them deserving of a deified state, which is non-existence. Though they worship much, their motives and objects of worship are different from other worshippers. Gaudama, their last Booh, has taught them that meritorious, or evil actions as certainly produce rewards or punishments as the cart wheel follows the steps of the ox. Thus to build a pagoda, a dwelling for priests, a habitation for travellers, respectfully to listen to the instruction of Gaudama, and to make frequent offerings, will procure a reward without the interference of an agent. Or to kill a creature of any description, to steal, to drink spirits, &c. will in the same way procure punishment. When they pray, it is to no particular object, but simply to desire certain things while they reverently remember their last deity, or are in the presence of one of his images. From this it may readily be perceived that their religion is entirely selfish, and their affections have no share in the performance of their duties. Though their code of moral laws is very excellent, it has no power over their feelings, it is not even sufficient to restrain them from committing the grossest of crimes. The country is full of pagodas, or rather monuments raised to the memory of Gaudama. They are of a pyramidal form, made of brick and mortar, polished and covered with gold leaf, entirely solid without the least aperture. One of the largest perhaps in the world is situated about two miles from us. The great road which leads to it, is lined on both sides with pagodas of various sizes, hence the road has obtained the name of pagoda road.

To give an accurate description of this noble edifice, requires an abler pen than mine, and perhaps a better description of its construction and dimensions cannot be given than that which Col. Symes has given of a similar one at Pegue. The beauty and variety of its appendages, however, are far superior.

After having ascended the flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild fairy scene is abruptly presented to view.

It resembles more the description we sometimes have in Novels of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, than any thing we ever meet with in real life.

The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects which meet the eye in every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees.—Here and there are large open buildings, which contain huge images of Gaudama, sometimes in a sitting, sometimes in a sleeping position, surrounded by his priests and attendants in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before him are erected small altars on which offerings of fruits, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels and demons, together with a number of indescribable objects, all assist in filling up the picturesque scene.

To this pagoda, this monument of folly and superstition, the inhabitants resort once in a year. It is considered peculiarly meritorious to worship at this pagoda; it is supposed to contain some sacred relic of Gaudama.

The ground on which this pagoda is situated, commands a view of the surrounding country, which presents one of the most delightful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas, glistening among the trees at a distance, appear like the steeples of meeting-houses in our American sea-ports.

The verdant appearance of the country, the hills and valleys, rivers and ponds, the banks of which are covered with cattle, and fields of rice, each in their turn attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters? Are those glittering spires which, in consequence of association of ideas, recall to mind so many animating sensations, but the monuments of idolatry?

O my dear madam! scenes like these, productive of sensations so various and so opposite, do notwithstanding, fire the soul with an unconquerable desire to do something to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to the rock that is higher than they. We feel strongly encouraged to hope (though our present prospects are not very flattering) through

the prayers and intercessions of our dear American friends, that this rural, this delightful country will one day be inhabited by the friends of Jesus, and that houses will be raised for his worship on the ruins of these idolatrous monuments. Affectionately and respectfully yours, N. JUDSON.

CHEROKEE MISSION.

From the Panoplist.
Extracts from the Journal of the American Missionaries at Brainerd.

[Continued from page 26.]

Dec. 1, 1818.—Received information by the Agent, that a Cherokee, in the lower part of the nation, has an Osage boy in his possession, 9 or 10 years old, who was brought over a captive by him, on the return of the Cherokees from their expedition against the Osages, a little more than a year ago: that he was now about to return to the Arkansas, and would leave this boy with us, if any one would go after him. We were also told, that in the same family there was a captive girl, somewhat older than this boy; and that she was a sister of the Osage girl now with us. It was thought probable, that they might be persuaded to leave both the girl and the boy.

2.—Further inquiry was made respecting these Osage children, and it was thought best to go after them immediately.

3.—Father Hoyt and his son Milo set out in quest of the little captives.

12.—Father Hoyt and his son returned. They had travelled between two and three hundred miles,—lay in the woods three nights, encountered several storms, swam one creek, &c. but could not obtain the objects of their pursuit. They found both the children. The girl is indeed Lydia Carter's sister, and appears to be about 15 years of age. The boy is younger than we expected, perhaps 4, or 5. It was very painful to leave these children to be taken back again to the deep shades of the forest, after having been brought so near the light; but nothing could be done to prevent it. The owner of the boy said the Agent had misunderstood him.

In this tour father Hoyt spent two nights and a day at the house of Catharine Brown's father. He was received with great cordiality by the whole family; and Catharine's joy was so great, that he says, "I felt myself more than paid for the fatigues of the whole journey by the first evening's opportunity." Catharine said, it had been very dark times with her, since she left Brainerd; all around her were engaged for the riches and pleasures of the world; and because she could not unite with them, as formerly, they were telling her, they supposed she thought herself very good now;—that she expected to go to heaven alone, &c. Her greatest burden was, a fear that she should be drawn away from the right path, and at length be left to do like those around her. She felt herself too weak to leave the society and instruction of Christians, and go into the world alone.

A small room full of people, more than half whites, were collected here to hear preaching, and gave very good attention. A Cherokee woman wept almost the whole time of the sermon.

Saturday, 26.—About 20 blacks attended with our children to hear preaching.—We can scarcely tell how much satisfaction we have taken these two days, in teaching this little handful of poor slaves.

Sabbath, 27.—The little company of Africans were all present again to-day, and continued their attention. We hope it will be for their everlasting good, that they have been inclined to leave those diversions, of which this class of people are generally so fond, to spend so many of the holidays at the feet of Jesus.

One of this company, of whom we entertain a hope, that he has been truly enlightened by the word and Spirit of God, is soon to remove beyond the Mississippi;

probably, before he will have opportunity again to receive instruction from us. He was greatly distressed with the thought, that he should probably never see missionaries, or hear preaching again.

We exhorted him to put his trust in God, and to live always near the Saviour, by a prayerful obedience to all his commandments, so far as he knew them; gave him such other instruction as we thought suited to his particular case, and indulged the hope, that even by this bondman the Lord would send some light into the dark region, to which he was about to be taken. He was greatly comforted when we told him, that possibly, missionaries might be sent into that country, where he would one day see and hear them. The Cherokees in general, even the looser part of them, are very willing their slaves should receive religious instruction; for they say it makes them better.

29.—Sister Anna is just beginning to recover, after more than three weeks confinement. Her sickness appeared to be occasioned by too hard labor in the kitchen. Sister Chamberlain still continues in a feeble state of health, and unable to assist in the labors of the family, or to take charge of the female scholars. Mother Hoyt, with all her bodily infirmities, has been, and still is, our main dependence in the female department. What distresses us most, is, that there is no female able to superintend and keep with the girls, while out of school. We see, and very sensibly feel the want of such a person. Considering the dark shades of the forest, from which these dear girls have so lately been brought, they do much better than we could have expected; but they, as well as the boys, need some one with them every hour.

Jan. 1, 1819.—The old king, and one of the principal chiefs from the southern part of the nation, came to visit the school.

They arrived just at evening. On winter evenings our children are collected in one room, where they are exercised in spelling, answering questions, singing, &c.

When the old king saw the children assembled this evening, he was greatly delighted, and shook hands with them most affectionately. He appeared much pleased during the first exercises, (though he does not understand English;) but when they began the singing, he could not refrain from tears; though evidently endeavoring to repress his feelings, as if ashamed to weep. The furrows of his war-worn cheeks were plentifully watered, and his handkerchief almost constantly applied to dry them. He spoke to the children affectionately, as did also the accompanying chief.

2.—The king & chief visited the school. After the children had passed through their various exercises, the king addressed them in a grave and affectionate manner, sitting. The chief then arose and spoke, as it appeared to us, in a most eloquent and persuasive manner, for some time. By his gestures, we supposed he was talking to the children about getting an education—then dispersing through the nation—doing great good through life, and thus meeting together above, to receive a reward. The children listened with great attention, and most of them were considerably affected. From them we afterwards learned, that our conjectures respecting the subjects of the discourse were correct; that the chief told them the missionaries must be good men, or they would not be willing to do so much for them without pay: that we knew more than the Indians did; and they must listen to our instructions, keep steady at the school, and be obedient, until they had learned all that we wished them to learn; and that when they went away from school, they must remember and follow the good way they had learned here;—if they did so, they would do much good to their people while they lived, and when they died they would go above and be happy.

After the chief had concluded, the king again addressed the children a few minutes, and requested that they might all come round and shake hands with him, which they did. Both the king and chief then expressed their warmest thanks for the good we were doing to their nation; said they should think much of us, and of the school; and would tell their people, everywhere, that it was very good to send their children here, where they would learn good things, &c.

This evening Milo Hoyt returned from Knoxville. He brings the agreeable intelligence that sister Hall was delivered of a daughter on the 27th ult. and both mother and daughter were likely to do well.

Returning about 30 miles from Knoxville, Milo's business called him off the main road; in getting into it again, he had to pass several miles through the woods.

Within sight of a house, just before he came to the main road, he was met by a man on horseback, who accosted him as an old acquaintance, and rode up as if he would shake hands; when suddenly seizing Milo's bridle, and turning his horse about, he presented a cocked pistol at his breast, and commanded him, on pain of instant death, to ride back. The boy positively refused to go one step back. The man (being, as was supposed, afraid to fire his pistol so near the house) then leaped from his horse, drew a large knife, and told the boy to deliver his money, or he would instantly cut his throat, still holding the horse by the bridle. At this critical moment, the boy giving his horse a stroke with the whip, and twitching the bridle, made his escape. He had with him between 4 and 500 dollars.

8.—The clothing prepared for our dear children, and forwarded last July, by the pious females of Philadelphia and Lansingburg, arrived this day. These clothes have

been kept back until the nakedness of many of our precious charge prepared us to feel the importance and value of the gift.

Had we received them sooner, we should doubtless have been less thankful for them.

O could those dear sisters know how much

good they have done to us, to the children, and to the cause of Christ here, they would

feel themselves a thousand times paid for their labor of love. It is not merely as

assisting us in our labors and cares; it is not merely clothing the naked and relieving the distressed; but it is in fact, preaching Christ; and that in a manner suited to engage the attention and interest of the rudest savage. He beholds his child, the object of his warmest affections, comfortably clad. And who has done this? A person whose situation precludes the possibility of his expecting, or receiving any return from his beneficary. And what has moved him to do this? His religion. He is a Christian. It requires no metaphysical reasoning, no refined logic to bring the mind to the conclusion, that religion must be good. We think Christians generally, are not aware of the value of their charities in sending the gospel to the heathen, and giving us in our labors and cares; it is not merely clothing the naked and relieving the distressed; but it is in fact, preaching Christ; and that in a manner suited to engage the attention and interest of the rudest savage. He beholds his child, the object of his warmest affections, comfortably clad. And who has done this? A person whose situation precludes the possibility of his expecting, or receiving any return from his beneficary. And what has moved him to do this? His religion. He is a Christian. It requires no metaphysical reasoning, no refined logic to bring the mind to the conclusion, that religion must be good. We think Christians generally,

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"There is not the aristocracy of the world, the souness of the Presbyterian, the identified melancholy of the Methodist, or even bigotry, seems to pervade all equally inaccessible to argument, open investigation, and I fear indifferent treatment."

it is lawful to learn wisdom even from the national prejudice discovered in the pursuit of it, nor the religious man who could coolly affix terms to various religious denominations; to venture to say that a blind man's disease, would be of as much value to us all that Mr. Fearn could write on

that the author we have quoted opportunities of judging as to the Religion of the United States. He did not enter into the details which abound in our country, where sectarianism is merged in "love of man," & in the exercises of spiritual devotions; but probably have been a happy man with them on the principle that "unto companions for a "gentleman of the world," or that their "southern" and "moral" will ill comport with

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Will Christians say to the charge of

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to do, must be done quickly—

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Gazette of last week contains

the Trustees of Williams College,

the removal of that institution.

Our readers will recollect that

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tion upon the site above men-

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POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

TRIBUTE TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Written by a stranger in Boston, in June, 1819.
How blest is the land where the pilgrims repose,
Whose faith could their sorrows beguile?
Who bid this peninsula bloom as the rose,
Who bid the late wilderness smile.

With rapture I gaze on the ocean that bore,
My Christianiz'd ancestors here;
Who planted the banner of Christ on the shore,
And made the wild tribes disappear.

Now back to the east towards Bethlehem's star,
Religion makes light to arise;
Her reign breathes destruction to Juggernaut's car,
Before her idolatry dies.

Ye winds and ye waves, O propitiously move,
To waft the glad tidings of peace,
Till all men are brought to repentance and love,
Till warfare and wickedness cease.

Thrice happy ye Christians, whose bosom still
glow,

With piety's noblest design;
Your land is exempted from war and from woe,
And grace gives you blessings divine.

In loveliness, charity beams o'er the waves,
And blesses the earth with her smiles;

She sends to all countries the gospel that saves,
And offers her gifts to the isles.

O Thou who dost walk on the wings of the wind,
And rule the tempestuous sea,
Speak peace to the ocean, give light to the blind,
That missions may glorify thee.

O bless and protect all thy children of light,
Who sail to a far distant shore;
O guide and protect them in life by thy might,
Till life and its cares are no more. — S. G.

From Poultney's American Daily Advertiser.

"WHAT DOEST THOU HERE?"

1 Kings, xxix. 9.

Oh, whence should care disturb thy breast,
And anxious hopes invade;

These cares can never yield thee rest,
These brilliant hopes shall fade—

Say, can this cross thy thoughts endear,
Say, say my soul, "What doest thou here?"

Why should't thou prize these fleeting joys,
And build thy heaven on earth?

Ab, soon each false enjoyment cloys,
And vain is empty mirth—

Tell, can they bring true pleasure near,
Tell me, my soul, "What doest thou here?"

Why should't thou mourn thy lot unkind,
When sorrow's boisterous flood,

Has clos'd around thy 'nighted mind,

But brought thee near to God!

Is HE not ALL? Is Heaven not dear—

Say, weeping soul, "What doest thou here?"

Look up with joy—thy rest's above,

"Tis safe from every snare;

Celestial peace unites with love,

And bliss is perfect there!

Is not this blest'd fruition near—

Tell me, my soul, "What doest thou here?"

MISCELLANY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RUINS OF ATHENS

*From the Missionary Register.
Extracts from the Journal of Rev. Mr. Jowett.*

We wandered along the course of the Ilissus, the bed of the river being dry during the summer months. An intelligent guide surprises you at every step, by relating what once took place on spots which now seem quite insignificant.

Here, at length, we come to the Stadium; so admirably adapted by nature for the purposes of athletic games. It is a very small oblong plain, surrounded on the two sides and at one end by small hills of very gentle slope; so that many thousand spectators might sit, with convenience & ease, to behold the contest. But where are the panting rivals?—where the eager throng of spectators? How mute is every thing! Here are none to applaud—none to burn and strain with emulation! Only a few men of another country, stumbling along the stony soil of the plain, or toiling up the side of the hill, faint with the morning sun of June. (1 Cor. ix. 24—27.)

We then parted, and I pursued my walk alone; often pausing to gaze upon the surrounding scenery, and connect with it ideas of ancient times. "Is it possible?" I often thought within myself, "that Cambridge, which now feeds upon the harvest that ripened in this spot, should ever become desolate, semi-barbarized, and forgetful of her great men?" In thinking of such changes of this mortal life, I was more than ever impressed with the utter insufficiency of Science, Learning, and Liberty, to preserve the independence of a State. It is religion, and that too the Christian religion, which alone contains in it the seeds of social order, happiness, and stability. For this we look mainly to our clergy—from our clergy, to their source, the Universities. But if our ambitious youth, who delight thus—"inter sylvas Academi quareverum"—should limit their inquiries to Newton or Aristotle—should they, like Pilate, barely utter the question, "What is Truth?" without waiting or listening long to hear the answer from the lips of Him who spake as never man, not even Socrates, spake—should they thus grow up into nothing better than respectable, learned, gentlemanly clergymen—then England might, in a few generations, become what Attica is now; and, having received a richer talent, would more justly deserve her doom. These thoughts rushed with overwhelming and painful force upon my mind as I paced along over the very ashes of the illustrious dead. It needs but to name them, to feel a vision raised of all that is most excellent in political skill, martial and naval glory, oratory, philosophy, discourse, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture! Now they know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward!

It is needless for me to describe with minuteness what other travellers have described before; or to attempt to express the rapture and amazement which fill the mind at the sight of these confused piles of ruins. The havoc of time and war has been most prodigious. Mazy fragments of marble of the finest form seem to have been tossed about, as if the sport of the children of the giants. Whoever has set foot on the Acropolis, or has observed how antiquities are scattered about in every lane and nook of Athens, will understand the

vivid picture drawn by Jeremiah in the Lamentations—*The stones of the Sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street.* Still there are vast remains of majesty and beauty.

Here are nine English visiting Athens, besides ourselves. Three of them are artists, sitting beneath umbrellas, taking plans and drawings. They have already been one year from England; and they will be another year out, exploring Greece and Italy. Do not such men shame missionaries; or rather some who remain at home, but should be missionaries?

DEATH OF MR. WARREN.

Letter from Rev. Mr. RICHARDS, to Mr. TH. WARREN, Father of the late American Missionary at Ceylon.

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, Oct. 1, 1818.

My dear Friend,—The Lord has seen fit in his holy providence, to visit you and your surviving family with deep affliction. It falls to my lot to tell you, that death has made another breach in the number of your children.

Your dear son Edward is gone with his sisters to the world of spirits. Yes, my own dear missionary brother, who for a number of years was my bosom friend, has left me to return no more. We must go to him, but he will not return to us. He departed this life, after a long and tedious sickness, on the 11th of August, 1818, about 7 o'clock in the morning.

There was no striking alteration in his disease, till about the first of August; then before this time it was evident that the medicines which he took did not produce their usual effect, and that his breathing had become more difficult. His respiration was never entirely free after his last attack of bleeding at Columbo; and he could not sleep in any other position than on his right side. About this time, it was observed that his feet began to swell, and I believe he never expressed any hope of recovery afterwards.

[After describing more definitely, some of the circumstances respecting Mr. W.'s last days of sickness, and peaceful exit, for the satisfaction of his friends, Mr. Richards continues:]

Thus ended, the mortal existence of my dear friend, and the next day I followed his corpse to the English and Dutch burying-ground, where it was decently interred.

Having thus finished the story of his bodily sufferings, I with pleasure give you some account of the exercises of his mind. After his last bleeding, he was not able for a number of weeks to confine his mind, long at once, to reading, contemplation, or prayer. If he attempted to do so, it immediately aggravated the symptoms of his disease. This he often spoke of, as a great trial. But after some weeks he was able to hear reading a considerable part of the day; though he could not read himself. On account of the weakness of my eyes; he therefore embraced every opportunity of having others read to him. And the

Bible was his principal book. Soon after we left Ceylon, he gained so much strength as to be able to read a little, as well as to hear reading almost all the day; and some of our fellow passengers were so kind as to read to us considerable, especially on the Sabbath; but it was a peculiar grief to him, that we had no opportunity of praying together during the whole voyage. His disease did not abate his zeal for the glory of God, or for the salvation of men. He often exceeded his strength in conversing with the passengers upon religious subjects, exhorting them to make sure of the one thing needful; and he was very desirous to have more strength, that he might do more for God. Notwithstanding his great weakness I enjoyed much of his company; for he was always cheerful, and always ready, when able, to converse upon heavenly things.

I might here bear decided testimony to his patience and submission, for I cannot recollect that he ever expressed the least dissatisfaction with the dealings of Divine Providence, either by words or actions. On the contrary, he spoke more of the sufferings of others than of himself, and it appeared to be his ardent desire, that the will of the Lord might be done. Some were astonished to see him so calm and so cheerful; but it was evident to his more intimate friends, that while his body was afflicted, his soul was rejoicing in the light of God's countenance.

After we landed at Simon's Town, his Christian privileges were increased; as we had a room to ourselves, we could unite together in prayer, as well as in reading the Scriptures, and religious conversation. And after we came to this place, a number of Christian friends were in the habit of calling to see him, with whom he joined in prayer as often as circumstances would allow. Indeed, it was abundantly evident that prayer, the reading of the word of God, religious conversation, and communion with God, were his meat and his drink; and that he was ripening fast for the kingdom of glory.

He sometimes expressed a desire to have clearer views of divine things, and a stronger evidence of his union to Christ; but his consolations always appeared to be greater than his fears; and his seasons of spiritual darkness were short and few. As his end drew near, his views became brighter, and his hope in Christ stronger, till every doubt and every fear, respecting his good estate, were entirely banished. He conversed upon the circumstances of his own death with as much cheerfulness as upon any other subject: and I consider it a peculiar blessing, that I was allowed to be with him in his last moments.

Soon after the time when he began to fail rapidly, I spoke to him respecting the near approach of death, and he replied, "No matter how soon—no matter how soon. No ecstasies, a calm, humble de-

pendance,—it is all I want." At this time, in consequence of the difficulty of his breathing, it was almost impossible for him to speak, except in broken sentences. Two days after, he expressed the state of his mind in the following terms: "I do feel a calmness in calling on my Jesus. No ecstasy—but I feel that I have committed myself into his hands." Three days before his death, when I asked him if he was ready to have his earthly tabernacle dissolved, he said, "Yes, I think I am. Yes, I sometimes long to depart." The next day, which was the day but one before he died, he said to me, "When I can contemplate, it is very pleasing." What do you contemplate, I replied. "It is Jesus," said he, "and the way of salvation. I have a remarkable calmness. I feel that Jesus will not leave me. I cannot doubt. I try to doubt, but I cannot."

About an hour before his soul took its flight, he began to talk in the following manner, repeating the words many times, and making long pauses, "Is this death?—Yes, this is death. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." He then spoke to me, and called me by name, but when I asked him what he wanted, he only said, "Death." And when he had repeated the former expressions many times, he spoke to me again. I answered as before, and received the same reply. Shortly after he said, "Give my love to them, tell them to be faithful unto death. Farewell—Farewell—Come, Lord Jesus. O thou kind angel conduct me,—conduct me,—Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

These were his last words. In about five minutes he ceased to breathe; and who can doubt that the "kind angel" conducted his departing spirit to the paradise above, where he could see his blessed Saviour face to face.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have endeavored to give you a faithful account of your beloved son, from the time we left Columbo till the day of his death. How happy are they who live as he lived, and die as he died. Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. I remain your affectionate, though distant and unworthy friend,

JAMES RICHARDS.

OBITUARY.

From the Chillicothe Recorder.

We acknowledge our obligations to a worthy Correspondent for the following communication, and recommend it to the careful perusal and most serious consideration of persons who have embraced the doctrine of universal restoration.

The death-bed exercises of a Woman who had lived a Universalist; communicated by her daughter to a friend.

"Two years since, I went a journey to see my dear parents. How gladly did we embrace each other! our fond hearts united in the bonds of sincerest love and affection! We had been separated for many years, and a variety of interesting scenes had intervened. This meeting brought fresh to my recollection the scenes of my youth and childhood, and the many happy hours I had spent beneath the smiles of my tender parents. All my brothers and sisters were present, except two, & we rejoiced together enumerating the various incidents of our lives. But soon, alas, too soon, was the scene changed. My dear mother took sick, and owing to the nature of the disease, and her advanced state of life, being now far gone down the vale of years, I had no hopes of her recovery. And considering that she held to the universal system, my heart sickened within me. Solemnly and awfully convinced that she was depending on a foundation that would not stand the test in the hour of death and judgment, my feelings, in regard to her future destiny, were unbearable; but it pleased God, forever blessed be his name! to open her eyes, and to discover to her astonished mind, her deplorable situation. She said she was struck with death's cold chill—(the darts of the 'king of terrors' were piercing through every nerve.) She found her universal plan would not answer, and renounced it, observing, "The bridge on which I trusted has fallen under me—I am now dying and have no hopes of myself." O my friends, my pen cannot describe, nor your imagination conceive the horrors of her mind. Her screams of dying anguish, and groans of black despair, were too much for poor human nature to endure. She cried out "there is no mercy for me. God has hidden his face from me. I must soon launch into an awful eternity! Hell will be my portion! I am forever undone!" The messenger of wrath will shortly drag my poor soul to the infernal pit, where I must endure the intolerable wrath of God, ages of hopeless end! My joints and marrow are separated! Methinks I already see the damned in hell, and have sensible apprehensions of their grim torments! I have back-slidden from the truth—I cannot lift up my eyes towards heaven—I have sinned away my day of grace—there is no mercy for me! I must soon appear before my Judge and pass the solemn test! I cannot pray!" Thus she went on; her deep groans were sufficient to pierce the heart of a stone! In the anguish of her soul, she cried out, "O children pray for your dying mother! for I cannot pray for myself." My dear father said, he could easily give her up, if her peace was made with God; and he trusted that God would appear for her before she left the world. We all went and besought the throne of grace for her extended to our poor dying mother. I can truly say I never knew what distress was until now; but it appeared to me that I never had such a spirit of prayer imparted to me. I fell upon the bended knees of my soul, at the feet of Jesus, and was enabled to plead with peculiar fervency in behalf of a departing parent. I implored the throne of grace until my strength was exhausted, and even then my desires besought the God of all mercy. When in this situation, it seemed as if heaven was open to my view, and by an eye of faith, I saw the bleeding Saviour with a pardon in his hands, for my almost lifeless mother. I felt as if our prayers were answered. I arose and all my distress was gone. I was impressed that God would appear for the object of my solicitation. To our great joy, she shortly after, lifted up her eyes towards heaven, and began to pray, saying, "O Lord have pity and compassion on a poor creature! I give myself up to thee! I come wicked and vile just as I am, and cast myself upon thy mercy—it is all that I can do!" The rays of divine light were let into her soul, in small degrees, till she became completely happy! O, who can tell our joys! It seemed as if God and holy angels were present, and the room was perfumed by the merits of a Saviour's blood! O the wonders of almighty grace! My very soul was set on fire, and became like the chariot of Aminidah! My dear mother had been taken as it were from the mouth of the fiery furnace, and placed in the palace of the King of glory. She requested us to sing the saint's dying farewell, and joined with us in the

delightful exercise; O with what raptures did we celebrate the praises of our God. To her absent children and grand-children she sent her blessing, warning them to prepare to follow her to the mansions of the dead: for they could not escape. To her husband she said, "My dear and affectionate consort, our joys have been mingled with grief: I can no longer participate in your pleasures and pains. That bosom that has so long beat with affection for you will soon cease to beat forever.—I leave you with the Lord." Then addressing herself to the writer, she said, "O my dear daughter, have you come such a journey to see your mother die; but Providence directed you here." She beheld me with kindness, and reached out her hand to me for the last time, and said, "I bless you, my child, and all my dear children. You have been very kind to me—I must leave you with the Lord. My blood ceases to flow—my eyes grow dim—I shall not see you any more, my dear friends, in the land of the living. I shall never see the sun rise again. O happy is the hour of my death!—I fly to meet my dear Saviour in the sky." She died without a groan, early on a Lord's day morning."

1819.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[Selected from the London Literary Panorama, politely loaned us by a friend.]

RUSSIA—General State of Instruction.

It may be remarked of Russia, that the sciences, civil and military, are advancing with rapidity, and are giving a direction to the spirit of the nation, which at the same time, they contribute to develop, under the orders of the present Minister for public instruction. Nothing can be a more ready or more effectual means of promoting the civilization of the inferior classes of a people, than public schools, where instruction is communicated gratis. Within a few years more than two thousand such schools have been founded; several of which are conducted by young Russians, who had been sent into England, to acquire the methods of Bell and Lancaster.

A French officer, who was a prisoner of war at Reval, met with its contents, and was so struck with its contents, that he recommended it to his master, Count Shuvalow, who endowed a Gymnasium, with a fund of 150,000 rubles.

The Counsellor of the Mines, Demidow,

has presented 100,000 rubles to the University of Moscow; and an equal sum to the two preparatory schools of Kiow and Tobolsk.

To the preparatory school of Jaroslaw, with the Gymnasium he has allotted another sum of the same amount, with considerable landed property.—Count Schermetjew has given two millions and a half of rubles to found a hospital; besides a handsome present to the University of Moscow.

The Great Chancellor, Romanow, has established on his estates, a great number of Lancastrian Schools; four churches for four different confessions of faith, are constructing at the same time, by his orders; and he also pays the expenses of a voyage round the World, now in progress.

The Bible Societies, springing up in Russia, the Missions sent into various parts of that great Empire, receive not only protection, but, in various instances, considerable sums of money, as well from the Imperial family, as from individuals of exalted station. Even the Princes and the Chaus in the environs of Caucasus, of Georgia, and Mingrelia, contribute to the promotion of these objects: in which they are combined with the chiefs of the tribes which people Tartary and Siberia; nor must we overlook the readiness of some among the Jews of these countries.

At Irkut, in Siberia, there are, as our readers know, schools for various purposes; as for Education, for teaching the Japanese language, and for teaching navigation: there is also a library; which is, unquestionably, an institution of no small importance.

We highly laud the literary institutions of the city of Odessa; we ought to distinguish the emulation that actuates the Greeks settled in this country, who retain a zealous regard to the interests of their original country. They have established by subscription among themselves, a school for the education of youth, that already enjoys a great reputation. They have appointed to it eight Professors, at the head of whom are Messrs. Genadios and Macris, distinguished scholars. Besides the annual subscriptions of the Greeks to this school, there are four Insurance establishments, which are